

The years passed on and Alice grew to be a big girl who sat all day in a nice wheeled chair.

She was a quiet, soft, dark-haired mite, with bright brown eyes and a quick way of turning her head on one side; a child who seemed always contented and happy in spite of her great affliction.

One sunny June day, Mr. and Mrs. Morse and Alice went away up in the mountains to a big, delightful hotel where the wide porches would enable Alice to stay out of doors all day long.

Now one rule of this charming place was that no one should trouble or frighten the birds, so dozens and dozens of dear little birds sang and whistled all day long about the grounds, as friendly as could be.

Alice was delighted and seemed so happy in looking at all the pretty trees and flowers and in listening to the country sounds that mother left her alone on the veranda and sat just inside her room to sew, glancing out every now and then to see her little girl was safe.

Thinking she heard a pretty bird whistle, she looked out and there in a tree sat a fat, brown wren whistling and chirping away to Alice who, strange to say, was answering and imitating him exactly.

Mrs. Morse was charmed and listened and looked at the pretty pair until the wren flew away.

Presently a robin flew down and uttered his clear, whistling song and, after a try or two, Alice was able to answer him, too.

You may imagine how her mother wondered.

Going out on the porch, she begged Alice to sing for her but Alice only tucked her head on one side and looked up with round, bright eyes just like a dear little house wren.

"Why, you darling!" exclaimed her mother, "you are a regular little birdie yourself!" and from this time she called the little girl "Birdie."

Alice would never talk to the birds when any one was on the porch, but her father and mother would often stand inside the curtain and listen to the pretty chirping and whistling that would begin.

The robin's call; the wren's funny little trickling song; the dove's coo; the thrush's beautiful and mellow, though infrequent song; the mocking-bird's lovely gush of melody; the sparrow's sharp chatter; the cat bird's ripple of song and then his angry, squalling note; all these little Alice found she could imitate, but her best friends continued to be the brown wrens and she never tired of watching and answering them as they busily flew about, building nests and gossiping.

One day a big crow flapped heavily by, wailing the echoes with his harsh caw.

Alice cocked her head on one side and tried to caw, too, but her soft little voice sounded so droll that father and mother, who sat inside, burst out laughing and poor Alice was so offended that she could not talk to the birds for a long time.

Mrs. Morse believes that Birdie will

some day have a beautiful voice and learn to delight her friends, but now she loves to have her talk to the birds and learn to be friendly with all God's creatures.

Now, do you not think the name of Birdie suits her well?

A BOY'S ESSAY ON POLITENESS.

Politeness is rather a difficult thing, especially when you are making a start. Many people haven't got it. I don't know why, unless it is the start. It is not polite to fight little boys, except they throw stones at you. Then you can run after them, and, when you've caught them, just do a little bit at them, that's all. Remember that all little boys are simpletons, or they wouldn't do it. It is not the thing to make fun of a little chap because he is poorer than you. Let him alone if you don't want to play with him, for he is as good as you, except the clothes. When you are in school, and a boy throws a bit of bread or anything at you over the desks, it is not polite to put your tongue out at him, or to twiddle your fingers in front of your nose. Just wait till after school, and then warn him what you'll do next time; or if you find you are bound to hit him, be pretty easy with him. Don't keep on eating after you are tightening, and you will be far happier. Never eat quickly, or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows of a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. It is not polite to leave victuals on your plate, especially anything you don't like. If you don't like turnips it is better to eat well into your turnips first while you are hungry, and you'll eat the meat and potatoes easy enough afterwards. Boys should always be polite to girls, however vexing they may be. Girls are not so strong as boys; their hair is long, and their faces are prettier; so you should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches you on the cheek, don't punch her, and don't tell

her mother. That would be mean. Just hold her tight by the arms till she feels you could give it to her if you had a mind to.—Children's Answers.

NOT IN VIRGINIA.

The dusky man-servant of a Washington official, being granted leave of absence not long ago to visit his home in Virginia, hid himself to an establishment purveying travelers' supplies in order to purchase a valise.

The salesman seemed to think the ducky should purchase something in the way of a large bag. "Here's a fine one," he said. "The best alligator bag you can get. Only—"

"Look neah, boss," interrupted the ducky impatiently, "I done tole yo' several times. I don't want an alligator bag. I ain't goin' to Floridy. I'se goin' to mah home in Virginny."—June Lippincott's.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

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